

renovating the interior--painting walls, setting up shelves and counters.

Several days later a large van, drawn by powerful horses, stopped at the door and some big boxes and cases were carried within.

When it was rumored around that the saloon was ready for business, the curious gathered to watch the "first customers go in."

Evidently the patrons-to-be were a little shy. Some slipped in the back way; some ducked in with heads lowered and hats drawn down as far as possible. Some waited till after sunset when they would be protected from recognition on the dark streets.

By mid-evening, however, the place seemed full--at least we judged so, as arm and arm with our best girl friend we sauntered by and tried to identify the patrons from their lower extremities. Considering the amount of noise and laughter, business was brisk..

After a few days, perhaps a few weeks, the novelty died away and our curiosity was limited to taking a quick glance through the swing doors if they happened to open as we went by. The customers remained furtive in their entrances and exits, even to the end. I never did see completely inside to know what a saloon really looked like.

In the meantime, Mr. B's family had set up housekeeping and the children had entered the local school. But the disapproval of a saloon in our village was so deeply ingrained in the hearts of the conservative element of the inhabitants that Mr. B's family were treated as if they had the plague.